

Puck

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THE GREATEST RACE OF THE YACHTING SEASON.
"HOME RULE" IS A GOOD BOAT, BUT "REPEAL" GETS OVER THE COURSE A GOOD DEAL QUICKER.



PUCK,
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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING LORDS AND SENATORS.

SINCE BRITAIN'S Lords and Bishops presented the spectacle of minority overriding majority, numerous keen-eyed editors have detected a resemblance between the United States Senate and the British House of Lords. Now, while the resemblance exists, it is by no means so complete as some of these moulders of thought would have us believe. Any comparison of the *personnels* of the two bodies must inevitably run to the disadvantage of the British legislators, if we may credit foreign correspondents. We are told that the House of Lords represents to an appalling degree "the senility of youth, the wreck of middle-life, the tottering imbecility of dissipated age;" that a composite photograph of these "puppets of inherited greatness" would show "the personification of weakness—mental, moral and physical—self-indulgence, selfishness, bigotry and intolerance;" that their only hope of maintaining their prerogatives lies in secluding themselves from the discriminating gaze of the British public. These men have defeated the popular will by the simple power of passive resistance which their birth confers upon them. Had their triumph demanded an ordinary exercise of energy or wisdom, sure defeat was theirs. Here is where the comparison does injustice to our Senate. With us passive resistance is ineffectual. Activity and energy, if not wisdom, must animate the obstructive minority so long as it would walk in the radiance of Senatorial courtesy. The Peffers must tirelessly point their fertile chins to the breeze of debate. The Stewarts must vigorously evidence their sincerity, even while demonstrating to an incredulous quorum that two and two make five. Here is no inherited privilege of arrogance, no senile aristocrat with an inheritance of scrofula and legislative power, to dictate to the millions who did not suffer his accident of birth. Such resemblance as exists between the House of Lords and the Senate begins and ends with their common attitude of opposing an emphatic demand of the people. Yet, even here, the resemblance is hardly more than superficial. There is a safe majority on the side of the people, in the Senate, and it is only at the pleasure of this majority that the body continues in its attitude of opposing the popular will. There is a well-defined line beyond which Senatorial courtesy becomes reckless dalliance with national prosperity. This line was crossed when Senator Pugh of Alabama declared it to be "the determined and unalterable purpose of the opponents of repeal to oppose repeal until physical strength is exhausted and the power of speech is left to no Senator." However enticing this latter contingency may be to some of us who wax impatient, it is unnecessary to go to such an extreme. Since

the silver controversy has resolved itself into a contest of strength, the sound majority will show itself lacking in patriotism if it does not take up the fight on those lines. Senator Pugh and his colleagues have placed themselves in the attitude of the British peers. They have thus forfeited their right to Senatorial courtesy, and it behooves the sound-money Senators to promptly recognize the fact, and to exercise the majority's privilege.

CONCERNING THE PROTECTIONIST PLEA.

The Ways and Means Committee of the present Congress is stirring up a multitude of those absurd ideas and situations that are the delight of the comic-opera librettist. The contention of Protectionists that our troubles have been solely due to a fear of tariff reduction has lost nothing of its grotesque novelty. It is a comic-opera plot in itself. Notwithstanding a continued demand for their goods, manufacturers suspended because they feared a change in the tariff next year. The people clamored for goods, but the manufacturers refused to make them. Their fright increased to such an extent that the most of them actually plunged into business again, in order to make their ruin more complete. And their misguided customers, who are going to wear clothes whatever the tariff is, keep on buying of them. There is a confusion of reason in this argument that is exhilarating. Then there are the "tariff hearings" that are strangely granted. Protected manufacturers come forward and assert that the McKinley tariff is a rare blessing;—and the testimony is hurled back at us by Republican journals as irrefutable proof of the soundness of Protection. Mr. Carnegie must have protection for his workmen, yet he is unable to explain his late reduction in their wages, ranging from ten to forty per cent., although he is still under Protection's beneficent wing. The theory that he buys his labor as he does his pig-iron—as cheaply as possible—is always ignored by this simple-minded Scotch philanthropist. Mr. W. C. Cronmeyer, the deity of American tin, says the removal of the McKinley tariff on tin might cheapen the dinner pail,—but what would the laborer have to put in it? Perfectly simple, you see! All we need to do is to pay a heavy tax upon the millions of pounds of tin we import, and Mr. Cronmeyer will not only be able to make a few pounds himself, but we shall all be well fed. In line with these appeals from Protectionists is a petition presented to the French Chamber of Deputies through the kindness of M. Bastiat, Political Economist, some years ago. This petition purported to come from the manufacturers of candles, wax-lights, lamps, chandeliers, and from the producers of tallow, oil, rosin, alcohol, and of everything used for lights. The petitioners recite that they are "subjected to the intolerable competition of a foreign rival, who enjoys such superior facilities that he is enabled to inundate our national market at ruinous prices." This rival was the Sun. The honorable body was prayed to pass a law whereby should be directed the sealing up of all windows, dormers, skylights and other openings through which the light of the Sun might penetrate "to the prejudice of the profitable manufactures which we have been enabled to bestow upon the country, and in which we should be protected." The petitioners back up this appeal by showing how the various industries involved will be wonderfully stimulated, and the demand for labor increased. This is the same petition that the Republican party granted in passing the McKinley Bill, and these same petitioners are daily besieging the Ways and Means Committee. Yet, Republicans assure us that in abandoning the policy which this petition embodies, we shall ruin the country. And we are close upon the twentieth century, too!

"EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN."



THE HAPPY hours I spend on my wheel
Have only one fear to mar 'em:
That possibly, I may contract
Kyphosis Bicyclistarum.

THE BATTLE is not always to the strong; but there is no Scriptural authority for winning by tricks.

A MISER is the stowaway of the world. He never pays fair rates for life's voyage.

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THE USUAL WAY.

E. N. CHOIR.—Is your church supported by voluntary contributions, Doctor?

DOCTOR HOWLET.—No, sah; by *in*-voluntary contributions. It's jess like drawin' teef ter git der cash outen my congregation.

WHEN THE BOARDERS IS GONE.



JERUSHY, go clear out them grasses an' vines,
The parlor 's a sight with sech rubbishin' stuff—
And pull down the c'urtings, an' close in the blin's—
The dear gracious knows, they be'n open enough;
An' fetch in the chairs that's all over the lawn,
We'll hev time to set down, now the boarders is gone.

You best burn them papers an' magazines up,
The picters that 's in 'em ain't fit to be seen.
An' if here ain't cigars in the baby's gilt cup,
An' somebody's necktie hung over the screen!
There 's jes' sech a clutter, as sure as ye 're born,
That 's left, every time, when the boarders is gone.

I've got to hev' Hiram's bed fixed up agen—
His mattress and blankets is out in that L;
He'll be glad to git back from the barn, where he 's ben
No better 'n camped out—an' I ain't s'lep' well
A-wantin' my pill's—I ain't had but one.
I'm glad as ol' glory, the boarders is gone!

Let's hev a good dinner, for once, to ourselves;
I'll beat up a custard with some eggs that 's left,
An' I think there 's a pie on the buttery shelves,
An' one piece of pork, not a very big heft,
But Hie'll kill a chicken—so, put the pot on;
We da'st hev a meal, now the boarders is gone!

Madeline S. Bridges.



A NICE DISTINCTION.

BINKERTON.—Miss De Lanie's father was of Hibernian descent, was he not?

PILGARLIC.—Oh, no! Just a common Irishman. The family are not at all wealthy.

NOT A FEMININE ERROR.

MAY SAYIT.—Three-fourths of her acquaintances take her to be five years younger than she is.

JACK ASKIT.—Do you mean to say that only one-fourth of her acquaintances are women?

THE PRIZE-RING and the marriage ring are both neglected for the stage.

IT MUST have been a man whose cart was stuck in the mud who preferred a dinner of herbs, etc., to a stalled ox, etc.

PERFUME is said to be the song of the flower. If the song could be heard, the chances are that the flowers would be boot-jacked out of existence.

THE HALF is not told—that is, his better half frequently is not.

MONEY TALKS; it even has an eloquent way of making its absence felt.

WOODCRAFT is the art of securing a cord of your neighbor's wood without detection, and of being able to sell a man a cord of chestnut without his being able to discover that it is not hickory.

A SAFEGUARD.

TIPPIE.—How did you come to marry Jack? I did not know you had fallen in love with him.

SIBYL.—I had n't.

TIPPIE.—Then why did you marry him?

SIBYL.—For fear I might.

UNCLE JOSH PHILOSOPHIZES.

Don't crow to a 190-lb. individual about yeour tiny feet, when yeou don't weigh but 90 lbs. yeourself.

Before enterin' a fight we should take our adversary's measure, an' hev the undertaker take our own.

Stoppin' a runaway team is uv course a brave deed; but when a man with nine children gits killed by a 75 ct. hoss, there are two sides to the question.

THE MAN who struck W. Patterson, Esq., must have been an ex-Vice President of the United States.

ENAMORED YOUTH.—May I hope to find a place in your heart?

LADY-LOVE (*fin de siècle*).—If you hustle. There are only a few choice locations left.

HE WHO runs may read time-tables.

HONESTY is the best policy. Good lawyers come high.

IT DOES seem odd to come across the phrase "brown as a berry," when berries are not brown. But, then, one often hears the term "common-sense."



NOT ALTOGETHER SATISFACTORY.

TEN BROKE.—Why, Marie, I saw the engagement ring I gave you, back at Tiffany's to-day! What does that mean?

MARIE BOND.—Oh, you see it was a duplicate of the one Mr. Rocks gave me; so I exchanged it!



AGREED IN THE MAIN.

MRS. SMYTHE.—I believe in making a servant keep her place!
MRS. HIRAM DALY.—So do I; but, dear me, I can't make one stay over a week!

OUT IN THE COLD.



THE EDITOR perused my precious lay
While in his cosy easy-chair he rocked.
My heart sank when I heard him softly say:
"It's very nice; but we are overstocked."

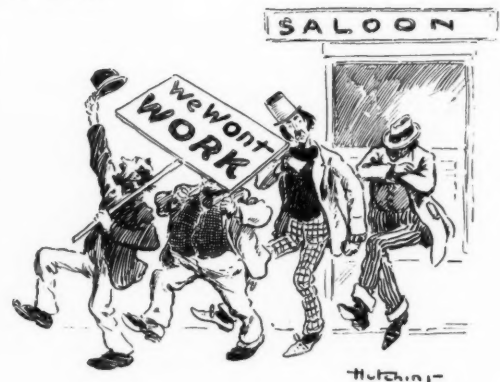
I've tried that genial critic many times,
Yet never have I sold him anything.
He's always overstocked, and all my rhymes
Come floating back on light and airy wing.

All through his monthly, to discover who
Writes his great verse, each moon I patient plod
To find the name of Tabitha Bartoo
Beside the name of Lucy Toodles Todd.

It seems a wondrous mystery to me—
My finest sense of poethood is shocked—
When these two offer gems of poesy
The editor is never overstocked.

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE JESTING PAINTER AND THE STARVING TOILERS.



WILL-POWER.

"How did she train her husband?"
"By mere force of her will."
"Why, she is such a frail little thing! I don't see how she could do it."
"Simply by telling him that if he did n't mend she would leave all her money to charity."

UTILITARIANISM.

THE INTELLIGENT BOY'S MOTHER (*to visitor*).—Yes; after much consideration, I have decided to take Virgil out of private school and send him to the public schools, where the system of grades, the disinterested supervision, and the responsibility of the community must insure the best possible methods.

THE INTELLIGENT BOY.—But, Mama, I heard you tell Papa the reason was, so I should be out of the house all day.

NOTHING NEW.

REV. DR. BARREL.—I can't get the introduction to this sermon worded just to suit me.

MRS. BARREL.—Why don't you start it with: "As has been said before, and so well said"?

OBVIOUS.

TOMMY.—Do you like men, Auntie?

AUNTIE (*at. 38*).—Don't ask silly questions, child!

NUMBER ONE.

WOOD B. BORED.—
Mr. Shapely is a very considerate man.

BEN A. VICTIM.—How so?

WOOD B. BORED.—He never forgets himself.

WELL BALANCED.

With a dozen cups of coffee, and a dozen chowders, hot,
I can glide and keep my balance like the waiter on a yacht.
With a dozen stews of mutton, I can very lightly hop
Like a dancer in the german, though I never spill a drop.



THE COUNT.—Do you think you could support my wife in the style to which she has been accustomed?

WOULD-BE FATHER-IN-LAW.—I will do my best.

THE COUNT.—Then take me and be happy!

AN OPTIMIST is a man who will buy a coat for ten dollars upon the assurance of the clothier that it is worth thirty.

THE TROUBLE with the ladder of success
Upon which each mortal wildly, madly bounds,
Is, that ourselves we never will allow
A brief three-minute rest between the rounds.

TAKING THOUGHT.

HE WAS one of the seediest of the seedy, and he stood before the clothing-store window inspecting with great interest the goods exhibited.

"What are yez doin' here?" asked a good-natured policeman, stopping for a moment on his beat.

"Thinkin'," replied the tattered one.

"Oh, dthat 's it! Well, Oi 'm thinkin' yez —"

The window gazer interrupted him.

"I've been doin' odd jobs for a man upstreet for a month," said he; "an' this mornin' I've collected my salary." He opened his hand and displayed a little green wad, which slowly developed into a two-dollar bill as he unrolled it before the policeman's eyes. "That 's good money, ain't it?" he asked.



"The shtuff 's all right," said the policeman. "What are yez after doin' wid it?"

"That 's what I 'm thinkin' about. I want to fix up a little. First, I want that shirt in there. That 's a dollar. Then I want a coliar—twenty cents; that 's a dollar—twenty; an' that spotted tie—fifty—makes a dollar—seventy; an' then I won't look nohow without a hair-cut, and that brings it up to a dollar—ninety-five—an' I 'm stuck."

"Shtuck how? Yez have car-fare left yez."

The thinking man stood silent for a full minute, while the policeman awaited his answer. Then he said, "I've got to have one good, square drink out of it, any way."

He rolled the two dollars into a little ball, again, between his two fingers, and sauntered slowly down the street.

A little later the policeman saw him gazing into the window of a shoe-store.

"Say!" he said; "that 's a dandy shoe they've got in there for two-fifty. Ain't it?"

The policeman said it was a good solid shoe.

"Yes," he replied; "that 's the kind of a shoe I'm going to buy hereafter. I'd get them now if I had sixty cents more."

He moved away, and the policeman next found him in front of a music store.

"Do you know," said he, "I can play an accordion to make your feet tingle."

"Are yez after buyin' wan?"

"If I can anyways get hold of twenty cents more I'm goin' to buy that two-dollar instrument, as sure as sun-rise."

Again they parted. When they next met it was evening, and the seedy man, more seedy than in the morning, was gazing into a cheap restaurant.

His Rags drew his hand from his pocket and displayed a dime and two pennies.

"I 'm thinkin'," he said, swaying gently to and fro, "how 'm I goin' t' git pie out o' that 'n' a goo' square drink. I've got money to-day," he added, as he moved away from the window; "butter ain' got 'nough t' do anythin' with."



A GOOD MAN.

PASTOR WATSON.—I hope yo' carry yo' religion into yo' business, Bre'r Pennington.

BARBER PENNINGTON (*new convert*).—Yes, 'r, do. Is'e bin usin' de tracts fo' shabin' paper ebber since I j'ined de chu'ch.

SEALED VOWS.

"Darling," whispered the Alaskan lover, desperately, "you do not know the worst about me."

With a woman's quick intuition she divined his thoughts.

"Ah, I know all," she cooed. "I know that you have been engaged in Pelagic sealing within the sixty-mile zone. Yes, I am going to marry you to reform you."

Now his heart was light, and hope again found lodgment there.

UNCOMPLIMENTARY.

"The trouble about ready-made clothing is that it loses its shape so soon."

"That is, of course, after you have worn it some time."

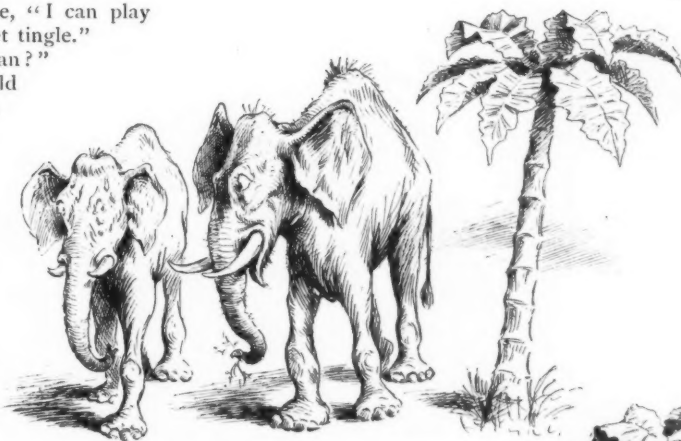
MISUNDERSTOOD.

"So poor Jim is dead? Peace to his ashes!"

"Do you think he has gone there?"

THE OPERA hat is called a crush hat, because it can be crushed at will. The accordion ought to be called a crush instrument, because it ought to be crushed—forever.

THE AESTHETIC mermaid combs her hair with the back-bone of a mackerel.



GALLANTRY IN THE TROPICS.

MISS TRUNKERTON.—Is n't this heat terrible, Mr. Tuskingham? Seems to me I never felt it so much as I do to-day!

M. W.

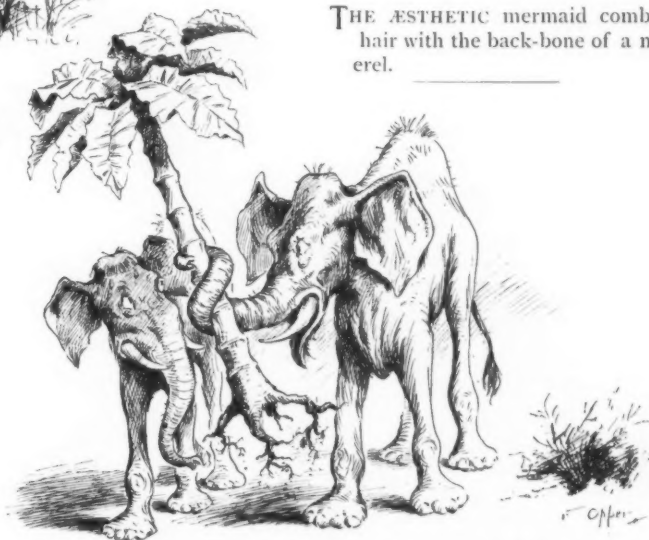
WITHIN EASY REACH.

APPLICANT.—It will be years, I fancy, before I can aspire to be leading lady.

MANAGER.—Not at all. The laws of South Dakota require a residence of only three months, I believe.

THE PROCRASTINATION of a baby's teeth is the thief of your night-time's rest.

THE HEN has no teeth, yet can the hen eat corn off the cob like lightning. It would be well for the toothless man, who eats in restaurants, if he could eat corn off the cob without making faces like a meditative orang-outang.



MR. TUSKINGHAM.—Allow me to hold this sunshade over Miss Trunkerton!

PARENTAL WOES.



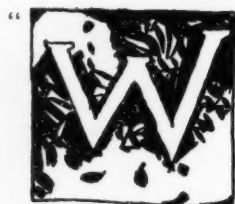
MR. STEINBACH. — He asks me to gif him mein only taughter. Oh, der hard, gruel vorld! No, no, Rosenbaum; she gan neffer leaf me!

YOUNG ROSENBAUM. — But she need neffer leaf you. Ve vill boardt mit you und bay fifteen tollars a veek —



STEINBACH (with a rush). — Make it terventy und you dakes her.

STRIVING TO PLEASE.



"DON'T need any matches," said Mrs. Ricketts, as she opened the door about three and a quarter inches, and discerned that it was a peddler who had rung the bell.

"Madam, I am not selling —"

"Don't want to subscribe for any books, either!"

"I am not a book a —"

"I have a full supply of tea and coffee!"

"But I'm not taking orders for gro —"

"Don't want any pictures enlarged, either!"

"The picture business is not my —"

"Hain't no use for jewelry, I tell you!"

"I am not dealing in —"

"Fact is," Mrs. Ricketts went on, opening the door a little wider to give her words a chance to emerge. "Fact is, you peddlers make me sick."

"Indeed?" replied the man, brightening up, as he deftly braced the door open with his right foot; "then how fortunate it is that I happened to add a stock of medicine to my outfit this trip. This preparation, Ma'am," he went on, as he held a bottle up for inspection, "is warranted to cure the worst attack of sickness brought on by peddlers. Only fifty cents a bottle. How many bot —"

"Nero!" called out Mrs. Ricketts; but, as the dog came bounding cheerfully toward the house, the pedestri-
nating merchant placed himself outside the gate, and observed:

"I see you do not really need the medicine, Madam. Sorry to have troubled you by displaying it. Good morning, Madam."

William Henry Siviter.

WILLING TO HELP.

CLERICUS. — I wish you would help us to send missionaries to the heathen islands.

CYNICUS. — I certainly will; by all means cover every one of them in New York Bay and the East River.

GRIT is the only kind of glue that will ever hold together the stray pieces of a shattered fortune so that the cracks will not show.

TO BELIEVE oneself more cunning than others is a mistake. The fox is more cunning than an ass; but there are more fox skins in a furrier's store than ass skins.



RURAL GUILF.

TREETOP. — There is a ticket for two that will come good when we go to Central Park; I got it from a feller on the street for half price.

HAYRICK. — My, but you are a smooth one! What's it fer?

TREETOP. — To go up inside o' the obelisk.

A FRESH OUTRAGE.

"Algy Fitz-Morgan did n't like Summer-boarding in Indiana."

"Why not? Fine climate."

"Yes; but the White-caps got hold of him and burnt his trousers at the stake."

THE WAR OF WORDS.

The pugilist whose forte is gab
Would proudly scorn evasive blabber,
If his efficient fists could jab
As deftly as his tongue can jabber.

A CALAMITY.

KING. — What's the matter, old man? Never saw you look so blue.

WING. — Did n't you hear of my failure? Lost every dollar I had in the world.

KING. — Is that so? I heard you had failed, but I had no idea you lost any money.

ART VS. NATURE.

MESSENGER (in the play). — Lady, I come from Paris.

HELEN OF TROY (forgetting her lines). — Ah, me — er — are the wide skirts going to stay in?

EQUALLY DIFFICULT.

BAGLEY. — Did you ever try squaring the circle?

BRACE. — I did not; but I tried to get square with a wheel of fortune, once.

IF ONLY he who runs may read, the educational societies may as well give the messenger boy up as a hopeless case.

IT IS strange that some people always find it easiest to do a thing in the most difficult way.

EMERSON SPEAKS of the "humble bee" as a "zigzag steerer." Yet, we are taught to believe in the "bee line" as being symbolical of the bee's spirit of directness and despatch.

TIME WAITS for no man, but many a musician beats it.

FITS LIKE THE PAPER ON THE WALL — Kalsomine.

THE EARTH seems to gather lots of moss, and it is rolling all the time.

I'M GLAD SALVATION'S FREE!



'M A SEEKER for salvation, and I never miss a meeting,
For well I know Eternity is long, and time is fleeting.
I am very poor in pocket, but 't would fill my soul with sorrow
To scrimp myself in giving, so long as I can borrow.
There 's the fund for pastor's salary, the mission fund for Asia,
The special Spring collection for the blacks of Polynesia,
The organ fund, the building fund—our church, though built
but recently,
Is really getting rather small to worship God in decently.
But I'm glad salvation 's free,
Oh! I'm glad salvation 's free!
Salvation 's free for you and me—
I'm glad salvation 's free!

There 's the fund for aged preachers, the League for Spreading Piety,
The Sabbath-school, the Epworth League, the Ladies' Aid Society;
The Blue Cross and the Yellow Cross, the Choir (I love it best of all)—
And each must hold its Summer fair, and each its berry festival;
The tickets in the aggregate cost more than I can spare for them,
For though I help donate the food I have to pay full fare for them;
And each one has its special fund for saving heathen brothers;
You're not exempt from any, though you've given to all the others.
But, I'm glad salvation 's free.
Oh! I'm glad salvation 's free!
Salvation 's free for you and me—
I'm glad salvation 's free!

Collections carry off my cash and leave me often penniless;
My name is pledged on sixty cards—I know it can't be many less—
For homes for deaf-and-dumb and blind, evangelizing Esquimaux,
For sending men to Africa and other men to rescue those;
Donations for the pastor, for his wife and wife's relations, sir;
The pew-rent and the Christmas tree have put me on short rations, sir;
My salary is mortgaged many months into futurity,
And where my clothes are coming from is veiled in dim obscurity.
But, I'm glad salvation 's free,
Oh! I'm glad salvation 's free!
Salvation 's free for you and me—
I'm glad salvation 's free!

E. Frank Lintner.



MUTUAL PRESENCE OF MIND.

EDITOR *Woman's Home Queen*.—These jokes are old; I read them when I was a young girl.
HUMORIST (*anxiously and persuasively*).—But, surely, that can't be so very long ago!
EDITOR (*with dignity*).—However, I think we can find a place for them. I'll take them.

A CASE OF MUST.

O'SMITH.—I tell you, this country is going to the devil.
MCJONES.—But supposing it does n't?
O'SMITH.—It has got to, I tell you; else what show will there be for the Republican Party?

THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM.—How to Pull out those Silver Threads among the Gold without making poor Miss Columbia bald-headed.

THERE is no objection to the heat of debate; but don't work any humidity into it, unless you would appear sloppy.

'T was no surprise that she was found
In convent walls immured;
That she would be a sister she
Had scores of men assured.



PLAYING SECOND FIDDLE.

HENRY PECK.—Yes; that is a dove and that is his mate.
ROBERT.—And would you say Mama was your mate?
HENRY PECK (*hastily*).—Oh, no, Robert! Mama is the captain. I'm the mate.

FIN DE SIÈCLE DEBATE.

DODGE.—They say pantomime is destined to become very popular in this country.

LODGE.—Could n't it be utilized in the United States Senate?

VERY SLIGHT.

"You say you pity me, but can not love me."
"Yes."
"But pity is akin to love, is it not?"
"Yes; but only a poor relation."

THE MAN who "fills the public ear" is often as pesky as a flea in it.

IF SPEECH is silver, what is the anti-silver speech?

HIGH LIVING often makes a pretty low grade of stomach.

A FRIEND in need is the gentleman whose face adorns a sample of Uncle Sam's legal tender.

HOME RULE seems to be a dismal failure, as a rule.

A PRACTICAL MAN—Dr. Mary Walker.

LAW BOOKS are bound in sheep as a tribute to the mental qualities of people who go to law.





1. Ottomann lith. Co. reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off.

SHE'S ALL RIGHT.

PUCK.



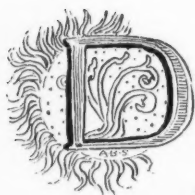


THE PERILS OF SHOPPING.

FLOOR-WALKER.—A lady has just fainted at the bargain counter.

PROPRIETOR.—What was the trouble?

FLOOR-WALKER.—She found her exact size in something she wanted.



THE CANDID FUTURE.

DO YOU ever think what an undressed exhibition of our sentiments would be like? Take, for instance, this talk between two men of A. D. 2000, when truth had become habitual; and would you approve it?

A.—How do you do, B.? Not that I care, but it's the thing to say.

B.—I'm well. You're not, for your nose is red. You drink too much.

A.—You don't, because you can't afford it. Business is slack with you.

B.—So it is. I wish you'd die, or go to Newark, and give me an opening. Family well? I was wondering whether the red on your wife's face was health or paint.

A.—Oh, that's paint. Your sleeve's threadbare. Have n't you better sense than to select such clothes?

B.—Got the cents, but not the dollars. Ha, ha! I wish you'd ask me to dine with you, to-day.

A.—Can't. Dressmaker at the house. Besides, wife told me to invite nobody, for she was going to have a picked-up dinner.

B.—I can eat that.

A.—But she mentioned you especially; your appetite is so large.

B.—If it was small, I could buy enough at a restaurant.

A.—I guess she will let you come next week; and perhaps you can bring the children, though she dislikes that girl of yours—the shrill one, with the red hair and cross eyes.

B.—Susie is not popular; but I can send her to a neighbor's that evening.

A.—Why does n't your wife tone her down? But, then, your wife is a person of such narrow views and limited knowledge and want of force and perception that I suppose she can't.

B.—Do you really think that? Of course, or you would not have said so. By the way, I was told that when you remarked to Casey that his daughter was ugly and brazen, he punched your head.

A.—So he did. Most remarkable thing! For, what I said was true.

B.—I suppose you thrashed him.

A.—I tried to; but I got all the thrashing myself. Did you go a-fishing, Saturday?

B.—No; Sunday. Caught three half-pound trout.

A.—Half-a-pound? Humph! You come fishing with me, some time. When I was up that brook, last Summer—

B.—Are n't you dry?

A.—Yes. Let's have some beer. Not that I care whether—
B.—Oh, I'll drink. It's the best thing you've said, thus far.

(Interval for five steins.)

A.—I like you more than I did, and I'll pay for all of them.

B.—You can afford to. I'll buy you some beer next time, if I get my rent paid. Lend me half-a-dollar.

A.—I hate to do it—but there it is. Pay it back, some time.

B.—Now I am glad that I met you. Have another with me.

C. S. Montgomery.

SHE DID N'T LIKE MEN.

SHE SAID the men were "horrid!" with an energy emphatical,
And built upon a very dreadful plan;
And when one jarred upon her, with a gesture quite dramatical,
She said, "Well, if that is n't like a man!"

Their manners were so rough, she said, with voice almost hysterical.

They were so big and vulgar, she declared

They made her very ill; and thus, with adjectives numerical,

She rattled on—not one of them she spared,

Until there came a fellow with a proposition practical,

That made her cheeks turn very, very red.

"You can have me," she said to him, with pout that was attractical,

"But—I wish you were n't a horrid man!" she said.

Tom Masson.



UNBALANCED.

JOBLOTS.—There is one thing about your creed I don't understand.

DR. THIRDLY.—What is that?

JOBLOTS.—One has to express a belief in a good place, in order to get there, while he can get to the bad place without any belief at all.

WITH SUCH favor to the mannish garb
Was this swagger girl inclined,
That she got a necktie which was always
Crawling up behind.



ON THE ROAD.

TATTERSALL.—Wot ye been doin' lately, Wraggesy?

WRAGGES.—Travelin' with a theatrical company.

TATTERSALL.—What part did you play?

WRAGGES.—Did n't play no part. I joined em when they was walkin' back to town!

THE FUNNY MAN.

"YES, MY SON," said Uncle Tricopherous; "every social circle, every large family, every segregation of human beings has its funny man, and he is responsible for much of the gloom and misery and unbrotherly feeling in the world. You can tell the well-established funny man by his performances whenever he gets a crowd together. Then he comes out and monkeys with the holy principle of humor."



He is never funny for one or two people; you could walk around with him all day long and you would n't get a glimmer of fun out of him unless you tied a paper tail to his coat. But let him get a crowd seated at dinner, for instance, where the natural cravings of appetite keep the victim bound, as it were, to the board, and he will come out in a rippling stream of merriment.

"You can always tell when he is going to ripple — for he takes days off, occasionally. Thank heaven, the miseries of life do not spare him, any more than the rest of us. He has the toothache sometimes — he gets on the wrong side of the market once in a while. Let us thank Providence for its stern impartiality."

"But when he is feeling just right, he goes about his work in one invariable way. We'll suppose that he is the funny man of a boarding-house. Well, he comes to the table after all the others are seated. He comes in rubbing his hands, with a sort of diffused, coryphée smile on his features, and with a vacant look in his eyes. He is thinking of what he is going to say. Everybody stops talking and listens for it. Then he begins, and they all commence smiling as soon as he gets his mouth open."

"I saw old Billy Smith to-day hobbling up the street." The pauses show that there is something humorous about that speech, and they all smile broadly, and one or two of the women titter. You look surprised, may be, and some woman drops in a sort of a general explanation, like a Greek chorus:

"Hobbling! — that's so good! That's just what he does — he hobbles."

"But the funny man goes right ahead."

"Says I, Billy, have n't you got there yet?"

"Laughter all around the table."

"No, says he, I have n't got there yet. Well, says I, Billy, you never will get there!"

"Yells and shrieks and roars of laughter. The whole boarding-house doubles itself up."

"Oh, he's so funny," says one of his feminine admirers, aside to you. "He's always going on in that way, saying such droll things!"

"You are the only person present who does n't laugh, and unless you come into the combination pretty quick the funny man will hate you for life and will exhaust his choicest satire and sarcasm on you, and make your life miserable with sells like this:

"Heard of the ring just discovered in the White House?"

"You are supposed to say 'no,' and he says."

"Napkin-ring; and the idiots of his following jeer at you."

"There is a funny man in every boarding-house, in every work-shop, in every office, in every club. And why? Because he is a social necessity. And why is he a social necessity? Because the women need him."

"He exists on account of the women. Not one woman in a hundred has a real natural sense of humor. No, I'm not disparaging woman. You don't catch your old uncle disparaging woman. In her specialties, woman is unequalled. But when the sense of humor was given out, most of her sex was behind the door."

"Humor worries women. When they perceive signs of a humorous disposition on the part of their men folks, they begin to be uneasy. They don't know how much they are going to understand, or what they may commit themselves to by laughing or not laughing. They want to be sure



INGENIOUS COMBINATION OF WORK AND RECREATION DEVISED BY MR. SUBBUBS.

of a joke, and of its character and pedigree, and to know that it does n't conceal any attack on religion or the proprieties. Left to themselves, women could get along without humor as easily as they get along without whiskey."

"But they see that the men esteem humor highly, and they don't like to let on that they don't possess the sense of humor. So they play a sort of substitute humor on the community — a sort of cambric humor, like cambric tea — to show that they can recognize a joke and laugh at it. They pick out some weak-minded person of their acquaintance, who is safe on the moral question, and make him believe that he is funny, and in a little while they have reduced him to the condition I have described. If they can get him accepted as funny, they have a sure thing in laughing at what he says."

"He represents their offering to the sense of humor, just as some men recognize religion only by putting on a clean shirt on Sundays. And he goes on feeding his vanity on their cackling until Death lays a mighty hand on his coat-collar and yanks him off to the presence of the Recording Angel, to pass long purgatorial years in explaining and apologizing for every word of his life-long accumulation of drivel."

"Good-by, my son. Don't be a funny man!"



POOR HUMAN NATURE.

A man will go to the Races, lose fifty dollars, and feel rather proud of it. —



— But he will spend a whole half-hour fretting and fuming over an attempt to find a quarter he has dropped in the gutter.

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Sixth Avenue,
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SO LONG as a man keeps his mouth shut, no one can force him to swallow his words.— *World's Fair Puck.*



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For the WOMAN'S WORK Department
of the World's Fair.

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In these days of progress, the
BEST is just good enough for a
buyer who pays his honest Dollars.

Among Pianos the **BEST** is the

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FROM GROVES
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Extract of Beef.

For delicious refreshing Beef Tea.
For improved and economic cookery.



SOMETHING LACKING.

BARBER. — Will you have bay rum?

PROHIB. — How dare you? And, besides, where is the glass?

— *World's Fair Puck.*

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CHOCOLATE
THE GREATEST INVENTION
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT.
POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TINS.
75¢ PER CAN.

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YOU MAY WANT A
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WILL PLEASE
DROP A BULLET IN THE SLOT.
HEAR THE COLONEL SWEAR
GET AND DRINK
OLD "BLUE-GRASS" WHISKEY.



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PATENT LIFE-SAVING DEVICE
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Is the name of the new 20-hour train of the

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between New York and Chicago,—every day
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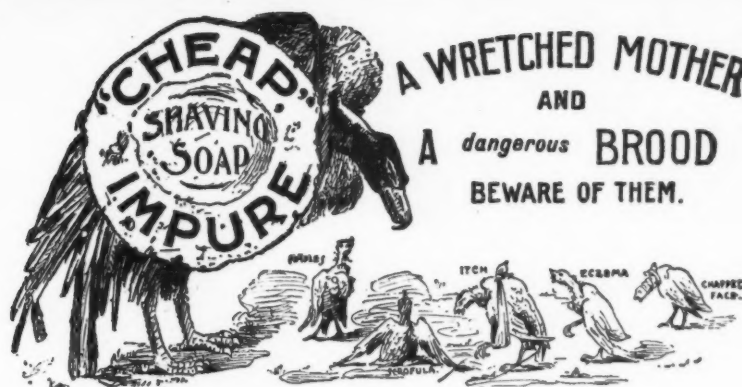
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"And wherever the wretched bird went,
Her loathsome brood followed, spreading
Everywhere disease and dire suffering."

If you allow "the wretched mother" to alight on your face—then be prepared for the appearance
of her "loathsome brood."

Base and dangerous imitations of the famous **WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS** are at present the
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Caution your Barber against using such matter on your face. Insist upon it that
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The continued use of these shaving soaps insures you against any of the many
forms of blood-poisoning which inferior brands cause, and grants you the
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Insist upon having **Williams'**—and *only Williams'*. See that your Barber uses it—use it
yourself. Ask your Druggist for **Williams' Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap**, in tin
foil. That's the kind you want if you shave yourself. Your Barber should use the
kind we prepare especially for Barbers, namely, **Williams' Barbers' Bar Soap**.

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Ask your Barber for a package of **WILLIAMS' Barbers' Soap** for TOILET USE. Very nice and delicate, only 40c. for six cakes.



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typhus or cholera by drinking pure water.—*Brooklyn*
Life.

MR. B.—I have visited Londonderry Springs and
know that there is not a house or drain within a mile
—a sure test of purity.—*From Judge.* 917



New York, September 27, 1893.

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No Alkalies
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It has more than three times
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It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
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BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN.

An elegant dressing. Prevents
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Makes the hair grow thick and soft.
Cures eruptions and diseases of the
skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and
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FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch pay our sample price \$3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 50 days only. Address **THE NATIONAL MFG & IMPORTING CO.,** 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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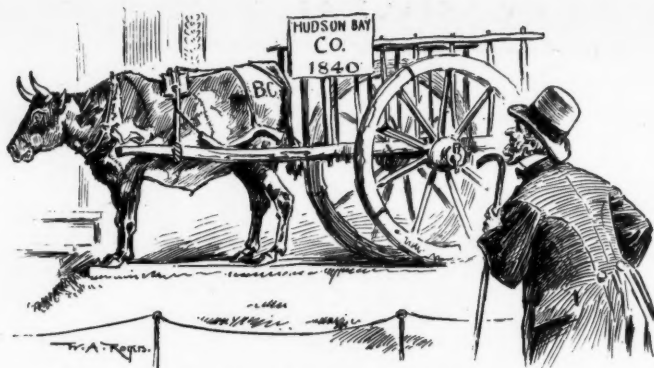
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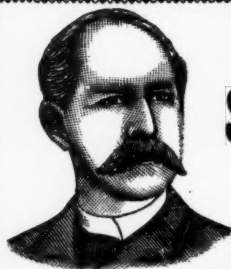
THE ROSY FRESHNESS
And a velvety softness of the skin are invariably
obtained by those who use Pozzoni's Com-
plexion Powder.

BOKER'S BITTERS
A Specific against Dyspepsia,
and an Appetizer.



AN OBVIOUS DECEPTION.

OLD MR. FARMINGTON.—That cart looks antique,
fer a fact; but I don't believe the age of thet thar steer.
—*World's Fair Puck*.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best Calf Shoe in the World for the Price.

Fine Calf Dress Shoes, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00.
Very Stylish.

Police-men's, Farmers' and Letter Carriers' \$3.50
Shoe. Three Soles, Extension Edge.

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Boys and Youths wear the \$2.00 and \$1.75 School Shoe.

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W. L. Douglas Shoes are made of the best material, in all
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Do You Wear Them?

W. L. Douglas' name and price is stamped on the bottom before they leave the factory, to
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Shoes will give a continuous increase to our business. The dealer who sells you unstamped
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system is the best for you, because it guarantees full value by the manufacturer, for the money
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If you wish to economize in your footwear it will pay you to examine W. L. Douglas Shoes
when next in need. Sent by Mail, Postage Free, when dealers cannot supply you. Take
no substitute. Send for Catalogue with full instructions how to order by mail.

Address **W. L. DOUGLAS, Box 551, Brockton, Mass.**

G Puck's Library No. 75. Just Out.

Here's a collection of gaddings gay,
Of the people who have queer luck,
The same that you pass on the
Street each day;
It is printed for
you by PUCK.

Being
Puck's Best
Things About the
World Afoot, 10c. All Dealers.



MUST BE.

TRIVET (at Hagenbeck's).—They say that tiger
caught eight or nine men while it was wild.

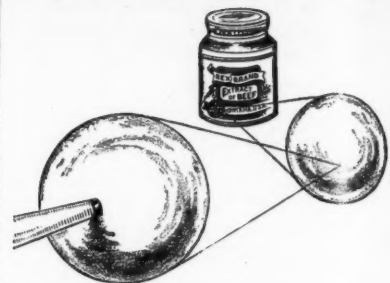
DICER.—H'm! Must have been a female.

—*World's Fair Puck*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes
the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind
colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

When the first Napoleon gave an elaborate banquet at
Versailles it was always topped off by a Marie Brizard &
Roger Cordial. They are still on sale and the quality never
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T. W. Stemmler, Union Square, New York.

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Cudahy's Extract of Beef, —Rex Brand.

It requires no great science—just common
sense. There's purity, economy, health,
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more savory soup or is better for gravies,
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All grocers sell it.

Send 6c. in stamps for postage on sample can-
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When in a
Hurry come
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We make Gar-
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Suits in 10 Hours.
Trousers in
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made as well as
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FALL STYLES
Now Ready.

Suits \$20.00 up.
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The above is a fac-simile of a box of the only genuine
HELMET brand POLISHING PASTE. Refuse as worthless
imitations, boxes with other helmets or without our name.
For sale everywhere, or send three two-cent stamps for large
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CALISAYA LA RILLA,

A Tonic, is as val-
uable in the home
as the medicine
chest, and less
dangerous.

It has the ap-
proval of cautious
physicians.

THE TRIUMPH OF SOHMER.

Gathered at the World's Columbian Exposition are countless specimens of the world's progress in the mechanical arts. It may be truthfully said that the SOHMER PIANO represents most impressively the highest degree of perfection to which it has been possible to attain, in the evolution of that popular musical instrument. Not only in lasting durability and fineness of tone is it preëminent, but in the minor detail of finish it far excels all its competitors. Indeed, the SOHMER could well justify itself solely upon artistic grounds, even were its unexcelled qualities of tone and strength of construction only of ordinary excellence. A visit to the SOHMER exhibit at Jackson Park, including one exquisite instrument finished in white and gold, to be found in the WORLD'S FAIR PUCK BUILDING, must prove a veritable revelation to one who is familiar only with pianos of ordinary make. Here may be seen the best products of the SOHMER factory in all their dazzling perfection of beauty and elegance of construction, from the expensive instrument, ornate with the finest Swiss carving, to the more modest production, that is perfect only in the essentials of tone and durability. One who studies this exhibit can not fail to appreciate the careful attention to detail which has given the SOHMER its supremacy. Orpheus charmed the rocks and the beasts of the field by twanging upon a very ordinary sort of lyre. While we do not presume to question the taste of his admirers, we are convinced that if Orpheus had enjoyed the ownership of a SOHMER PIANO, he would have drawn such crowds to listen to its strains that the earth would have been thrown off its balance. For this reason it is probably as well that the SOHMER was not given to the world in all its unrivalled excellence until the Nineteenth Century.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S Pens

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.
NOW EXHIBITED AT THE
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.
Manufactures Build'g, Dept. II, Group 89.

Now that the Building and Loan Associations make it possible to secure a Home by monthly payments which are about equal to rent, the selection of a suitable location which will combine the advantages of health, convenience to the city, frequent trains and low fares, is the important point to determine. Hasbrouck Heights, Hackensack, Fairmount, River Edge, New Milford, Oradell, Etna, Westwood, Hillsdale, Hillsdale Manor, Woodcliff and Park Ridge, located in Northern New Jersey, on line of New Jersey & New York R. R., possess superior advantages for Suburban Homes. Take your wife with you for a day's outing, visit any of the above locations, and be convinced. Trains leave from foot West 23rd Street and Chambers Street, N. R.

THE SAME THING.

JACKSON.—Where are you going?
JOHNSON.—Over to the "back yard" to see the wind-mills.
JACKSON.—Oh, come down with me to the Orator's Congress! See the real article.—*World's Fair Puck.*
AFTER the fair—The Midway Masher.—*World's Fair Puck.*

Pickings from Puck
Pickings from Puck
Pickings from Puck
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25 Cents. All Dealers.
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25 Cents. All Dealers.

No. 1 TROKONET NOW READY.

The very best and most reliable hand camera ever made. No faulty rolled film, no glass plates to break; still glass plates can be used.

FILM LIES FLAT, DEVELOPMENT A PLEASURE.
SLIGHTLY TOUCH THE LEVER, AND A PICTURE IS TAKEN.

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MRS. WILL GITTHERE (née Rocks.)—And to think, William, of all the women here you should prefer me! Oh, is n't it something awful to be in love?—*World's Fair Puck.*

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ADDITIONAL DATES FOR THE POPULAR EXPOSITION TRIPS.

As the period of the existence of the World's Columbian Exposition draws to a close the demand grows stronger for the economical and satisfactory means of reaching Chicago provided heretofore by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Recognizing the urgency of this popular need, that company has fixed a few additional dates on which excursions of the same character as the previous ones will be run. September 28th, October 2d, 11th, 17th, and 21st

are the days selected from New York, Philadelphia, and points east of Pittsburg and Erie and north of York.

The special trains will be composed of the standard coaches for which the Pennsylvania Railroad is noted, and the arrival in Chicago at an early hour the following afternoon obviously gives ample opportunity for the securing of accommodations at that place.

The trains will leave New York 9.00 A. M., Jersey City 9.13, Newark 9.25, Elizabeth 9.32, New Brunswick 9.53, Trenton 10.23, Philadelphia 11.30, Frazer 12.09 P. M., Downingtown 12.22, Parkersburg 12.41, Coatesville 1.02, Lancaster 1.25, Conewago 1.57, Harrisburg 3.00 P. M., Lewistown Junction 4.30, Tyrone 6.00, Altoona 7.00, and Pittsburg 10.40 P. M. The



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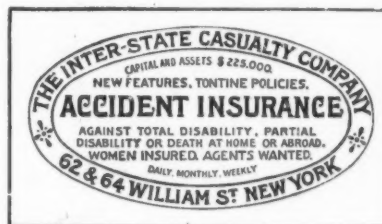
World's Fair Grounds,

Have your MAIL sent there.
Write your LETTERS there.
Meet your FRIENDS there.
In fact, MAKE IT YOUR HEADQUARTERS during your stay at the Fair.
The Puck Building is located midway between the Woman's Building and the Horticultural Hall, and is but a minute's walk from the 60th Street entrance to the Fair Grounds.

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excursion rate, good only on the special train and valid for return within ten days, is \$20 from New York, \$18.25 from Philadelphia, and proportionately low from other stations. Return portions of tickets are good for ten days.
These trains will be run on fast schedule, and will be provided with all modern conveniences with the exception of Pullman cars.
Many expressions of complete satisfaction have been made by people who have availed themselves of this excellent opportunity of visiting the greatest and grandest exhibition the world has ever seen.

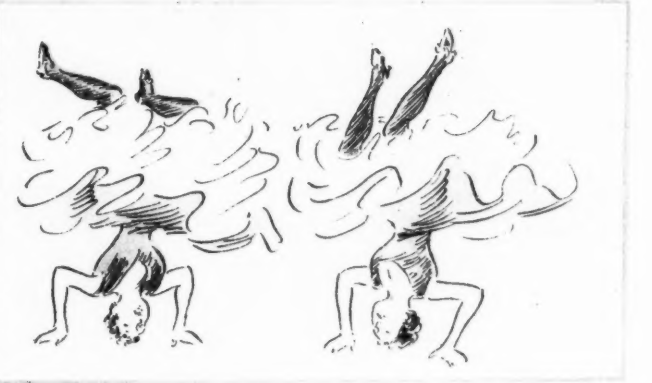
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HASTEN, all ye gray-beards, sage!
You who've studied Nature's page
For elixirs that will give
Us the power to longer live—
For the potion that shall drive
Care away and make us thrive
Years beyond our rightful life
In this world of care and strife.

Would you know the secret dear?
PUCK will give it to you here.
PUCK has found that long-lived folks,
Wise or simple, like his jokes.
So it seems the simple truth,
If you wish to prolong youth,
You must learn to laugh with PUCK.
If you don't, we fear you're stuck.

PUCK has here come back again
With his CROP OF PICKINGS TEN,
Full of just the sort of thing
That will make your cares take wing.
Hasten quickly, while you may!
Seize the chance and thank the day
That brought you this boon immense
All for five and twenty cents.



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